

# Love Turns 'Red' Pale Pink; 'Sweet Marie' Ganz Tells How She Has Been Tamed

No Dynamite, Mob Rule or Bitterness in New Creed Outlined by Husband to Be.

By Marguerite Dean.

FROM Anarchist to good citizen, from destructionist to constructionist, from the moving spirit of mob rule to a quiet belief in a democracy that will triumph through the educated recognition of its constitutional rights—that is the long road travelled by Marie Ganz—"Sweet Marie"—and "The White Virgin of Rutgers Square," as the police and the public christened her several years ago, when she led hunger riots on the east side, and went to the office of John D. Rockefeller Jr. with a pistol and a threat to kill.



And love has been Marie's guide on the way back—not to smug Toryism, never that—but to an enlightened liberalism, a faith that Americans can find the way to deal even with profiteers without the use of dynamite. "My pal is beside me," ends Marie's remarkable autobiography, which she has called "Rebels." "We have been talking of the days that are gone—the dreary days when life seemed so terrible and hopeless."

"The past is dead, Marie," says my pal, as he reaches for my hand. "Forget it. Think of the future—the shining future of our dreams. We are going back into the old fight to better the lives of our people, but there is to be no more violence, no more bitterness or hate."

"I bow my head as my hand is gripped in his."

Nobody can read "Rebels" without guessing that "my pal" is Marie's literary collaborator, Nat J. Ferber, writer and social worker. Nobody can help suspecting that romance has tamed the revolutionist.

"Are you married?" I asked her, when I met blue-eyed, youthful "Sweet Marie."

"Not yet," she answered softly—she has one of the most beautiful contralto voices I have ever heard.

"Not yet—but soon?" I challenged.

"Soon," she smiled, with happy simplicity. "He is my sweetheart. He was my friend, all those years when I was ready for anything, although he never agreed with me, never wanted me to advocate violent methods to the mob, to threaten to kill men like Mr. Rockefeller. We used to have such arguments! But he stood by me. And it is perfectly true that his opinions did more to influence me than anything else."

"I met him in 1914 when he was with the Mayor's Committee for the Unemployed. At the protest meeting in Union Square against the imprisonment of Frank Tannenbaum he was beside me, just to protect me, for he did not feel that anything could be gained by rioting. In the nick of time he saved my life by pulling me away from the hoofs of the mounted police who charged us."

"He tried to keep me from going to prison, told me I could count on him for anything, was in court when I was sentenced for disorderly conduct, and almost broke down. He was one of my few friends who remained faithful and came to the gate to welcome me when I was released from prison."

"But you did things for him?" I reminded her. "I know it is he who speaks in 'Rebels,' in the chapter which tells how you worked with him to save children's lives during the infantile paralysis epidemic, and how you nursed him back to health when he was broken down through exhaustion."

Marie Ganz smiled, half shyly. "It was then I began to realize what he meant to me," she admitted, "and how empty the world would be without him. We have been engaged since that summer of 1916. And when I led the hungry women to ask for relief at City Hall, in 1917, I tried to keep them orderly, not to stir them to disorder—you see, I was becoming convinced that Nat's point of view was right."

"When he went to Washington to report Congress's declaration of war I went with him as his secretary. Then I felt, for the first time, that I had a country! All through the war I did my bit with him on war work committees. He wanted to enlist, but was disqualified for physical reasons. We shall be married in a few weeks and together work to make the world better for our people. We love—and at last we have the same philosophy of life."

"And that is?" I asked this girl of the ghetto, once the associate of dynamite.

"That the people of this country, once they are educated to understand their power, can give themselves a square deal peacefully and legally," declared Marie Ganz. "That, just as the people went to Albany and cursed the landlords, they can make laws to control the profiteers. That violence against even the most tyrannical individuals does no good. That WE, the people, ARE the State!"

## The Colored Girls' Club

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

COMMUNICATION comes to me from the New York Urban League. The function of this organization is:

"Social service among negroes."

At present their efforts are directed in the interest of Americanization. One of the interesting innovations in this connection is the promotion of a club house for colored girls. This movement is to be launched tomorrow night.

A committee of negro women in Harlem recently organized to form a non-sectarian, self-supporting, self-governing club of colored girls, unattached to any organization, and numbering approximately 16,000.

The programme of this club will be directed to make colored girls know and appreciate America, and will give them wholesome recreation. The committee is giving these girls a party on Wednesday, April 14, to tell them of the plan, and to organize at Public School No. 83, 137th Street and Lenox Avenue. Once organized, the club will put forth every effort to get a club house for the right direction, and should be encouraged. There is no more healthy move than for young people to gather together under wholesome conditions, not only in the interest of social welfare and civic progress but for the pleasure of meeting each other.

Girls' clubs as a general proposition, carried on with good people behind them, have perhaps done more to develop the girls toward better womanhood than any other agency. I know many girls who have suffered from endless loneliness, and had little in their lives to promote their happiness, until they have joined a club of this kind.

Here they have made friendship and associations that have stood them in good stead, not only in passing hours that would otherwise have been lonely, but in changing their positions in the world by the resulting benefit.

Not only this, but such clubs have played a big part in the matter of character building. Young people who are constantly confronted with members of their family, and who do not have occasion to make friends and meet other people outside the family circle, lose much that is worth while in the rest of human contact. Their finer sensibilities and methods of conduct have very little stimulation, as compared to the great benefit of coming in contact with strangers and cultivating friendships.

I believe wherever possible a girl should join a club of this kind. The colored girls of this city should welcome this movement and give it their support by becoming members.

Many letters come to me also from the girl who comes to the city to obtain work. Many such girls find it difficult to get acquainted and are very miserable accordingly. They seek comradeship, but fear making acquaintances in a large city.

Such clubs are a godsend to girls thus situated. I know of a young woman who came to this city and lived here two years and knew no person except the landlady in the house where she roomed. She was a splendid worker and was advanced in her position, but she could not stand the strain of being so isolated.

She went back home to North Carolina, and had to work for considerably less and let go the opportunity she craved only because she was so unhappy in being unacquainted.

There is nothing as loneliness as being alone in a crowded city.

I am acquainted with another young woman who lived here with her mother and two brothers. She was a stenographer and a successful one.

Her two brothers were rather selfish and sought their amusement without considering their sister. She rarely went anywhere and her mother became alarmed when the girl actually grew melancholy.

The doctor said her one trouble was in not meeting girls of her own race, and having something of interest besides her work. This girl joined a girls' club and became a "different person."

Humans must come in touch with each other for their mutual benefit. Good clubs are important institutions.

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

By Maurice Ketten

COME ON LET'S GO OUT

NO I CAN'T I HAVE TO STAY HOME WITH LITTLE INCOME. JOHN'S OUT HAVING A LITTLE GAME OF CARDS

LET'S TAKE POOR LITTLE INCOME WITH US.

I'LL PUT HIM IN MY STOCKING

STOP JOKING!

LEAVE HIM HOME. HIDE HIM IN THE CLOSET.

NO HE MIGHT DRINK HIMSELF TO DEATH

WHY CAN'T HIS BROTHER TAKE CARE OF HIM?

I SHOULD SAY NOT ANYWAY EXPENSE IS OUT WITH JOHN

DOESN'T JOHN EVER TAKE CARE OF LITTLE INCOME AND LET YOU GO OUT?

I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM WITH JOHN! HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM

GOOD NIGHT! I AM GLAD I HAVE NO LITTLE INCOME TO WORRY ABOUT.

I AM ONLY SORRY THAT I HAVEN'T A DOZEN OF THEM

## Startling Creations in Vivid Parasols



Brilliant colors and jazz patterns mark London's latest Spring Sunshades.

## Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Moores Marshall

FIRST love is like first strawberries—tempting, expensive, disappointing.

It is better to be unequally yoked with the unbeliever than with the unhealthy. You begin by being sorry for him, continue by being bored with him, and end by being hated by him.

"I am joking," growled the Modern Diogenes, as he prowled through Greenwich Village, "for the man—or woman—who put the 'intelligent' in our 'Intelligentsia'."

The sort of young man who most needs snubbing is the sort on whom nothing short of a dum-dum bullet makes the least impression.

The modern girl not only expects a man to "sue it with flowers," but to say it with taxis, theatre tickets and a solitary set in platinum.

Add life's little ironies: The woman who believes her transient husband's tale of "aphasia."

In view of Dr. Straton's report on whiskey prices current in New York restaurants the thrifty believer in personal liberty hereabout has a new version of the old Ransom joke: "I'm going up Broadway to get drunk and grog, how I dread it!"

Perhaps it is an unjust and whiskered prejudice, but men still feel that there is something wrong with the fellow who parts his hair or his name in the middle.

The modern man can give you as many reasons for not marrying as his employer can give him for not raising his salary.

Alimony, and not hypocrisy, is the modern tribute vice pays to love.

## 19th Hole---A Sahara

With the Bars Barred and Lockers Locked, Golf Only an Outdoor Game Now.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

THE movies have prospered under Prohibition—the next thing's to see how golf makes out.

This season golf will be a wet sport only from the standpoint of perspiration. And just because the movies thrived from barroom close-ups, golf's not bound to act the same way. The film business boomed when the fill-up business busted, but golf's not so independent of booze.

It's a Scotch game, and the club



Water Hazards Everywhere and Not a Drop to Drink

soda has always outranked the driver and brassie. The club soda has always outranked every club in the bag except the putter-down. If golf can survive Prohibition, a diver can run without squeaks.

Right now it looks like the Eighteenth Amendment is the end of booze and the eighteenth hole is the end of a golf game. They'll have to find an extra hole in the Prohibition Act before refreshments are served at the nineteenth service station.

So far as drinks are concerned, golf is now a game of no chance! The bare are barred and the lockers are locked. The dries have made golf an outdoor game. When a guy returns to the club house now he can ring for the white coat boy in vain. Wringing the perspiration out of your shirt is all that there's left to do.

The 1920 game of golf now starts with teeing and ends with teeing. The real linkman now hates a slice of lemon like he hates a slice of the ball. It is one thing to put your ball

tread. All the mermen have to do for a drink is a three-mile swim. If they had service stations like that in the game of golf, there'd be plenty of guys making three-mile drives!

The Anti-Saloon League has made a sand trap out of every bit of mint. The Volstead Act is a six-foot bunker and the Constitution is a perfect styrene—there's no way of getting around it. In a red-hot game of golf to-day, cocktails and highballs are the missing links that connect all aged-in-the-wood past with a very thirty present. The best a sportsman can do to-day is play a two-ball contest for a box of yeast cakes.

When the old gang assembles at the club this spring, the swimming doors will be missed a lot more than the swinging doors.

What will it profit a man that he is on the green in 3 if he is off the Green River for life? Of what avail is a hooked drive if you can't follow through with a hooker of Scotch? Can golf survive sarcasms and time? Aye, that is the question. The green's not the only place where shots will be missed this year.

## Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley.

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### The Friendly Patron Receives a Tip on Comic Opera Writing at the Lunch Counter.

"WELL," said Lucile the Waitress, as the Friendly Patron pulled an eight-penny nail out of a wheat cake, "I see that France has sent her soldiers into England and Germany is getting huffy about it. It must be a great life over there in Russia."

"You've got it slightly wrong," he replied. "The French soldiers have occupied German soil and England isn't quite in accord with the move."

"Oh, so that's it, eh?" came from Lucile. "Well, I know there was a mix-up some place. I better study up on natural history a little more or I'll make some breaks that will get me giggled at. I'm pretty good on geography, but I don't know much about war and I guess I make a lot of typographical errors. Why, I didn't know that took place in Holland until it was all over. That certainly was some stunt for those guys to try to do, wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed," said the Friendly Patron, with a smile.

"Yes! Just tried to kick over the Government and then had it by back and hit 'em in the face! Gosh, wouldn't that make a comic opera, though?"

"It might."

"Sure, it would. You could have this guy Dibbets, the President, be the King and have Gen. Von What-over his name is be the funny man. Just about the time the King got everything going fine the General could come in and say: 'I'm going to kick a hole in your government, sir—you know, with a couple of good eggs to follow, and then he could sing a song like 'I Got the Mad House Blues' or something. It sure would give the show a good start, wouldn't it?"

"Sounds good to me."

"You bet it does. Then you could have one of those has-been Princesses be the poor girl and she could sing a love song and of course win her lover at the finish of the show. Am I right or not?"

## GOING DOWN

MY Dear Workers: Have you ever come to a time in your life when you did not know what to do?

Would you like to know the answer?

Here is a very simple rule: When you do not know what to do take in hand whatever duty presents itself, and concentrate upon the matter in hand without any thought of the outcome.

Do you know that I wish you would learn some of these simple little sentences by heart, because they are not simply a lot of words thrown together, they are based upon definite laws as old as the hills.

I want to help you and the only way to do that is to give you the benefit of what I know to be absolutely true, for the truth is everything.

Should you be out of a job, go where somebody else is working and help him, with the utmost confidence in yourself that you are trying to do your part, and the rest will follow. Yours Truly,

ALFRED A. SMITH.